



DULUTH, MINN.

WITHDRAWN

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SUGAR AND SPICE

AND

ALL THAT'S NICE

597X
A BOOK OF
NURSERY RHYMES AND VERSES

SELECTED BY

MARY WILDER TILESTON

*Editor of "The Child's Harvest of Verse," "The Children's Book
of Ballads," "The Children's Treasure
Trove of Pearls," etc.*

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED

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PREFACE.

—◆—

THIS book is a little treasury of verses which children like to hear over and over again. They are gathered from many sources, some familiar, others taken from books which are not found in many nurseries. It is intended for children from babyhood up to six years old; and there is nothing here which has not been tried and approved by judges under five.

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The first thirty-six pages are Mother Goose Melodies, which have been special favorites in my experience; there are some of the prose stories which are so much enjoyed in the nursery, in which repetition becomes almost rhythmical, like "Henny Penny," "The Old Woman and her Pig," and many pages suitable for older children, such as "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," "A Visit from St. Nicholas," "The Pet Lamb." The present edition has been enlarged by the addition of fifty pages.

I wish to express my thanks to the authors and publishers who have been so kind as to allow me to use copyrighted material: to The Century Co. for a "Jingle" from the "Baby World;" to Mrs. Horatia K. F. Eden for "Kit's Cradle" from Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Verses for Children;" Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the "Rhymed Version of the Little Red Hen;" Messrs. Lee & Shepard for several poems from "Baby Ballads;" Mrs. Frederick Leyboldt for several poems from "Mother Goose from Germany;" Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. for a portion of "How the Froggies go to Sleep;" Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. for poems from one of the "Susy" books; Mrs. Laura E. Richards for "The Baby goes to Boston," "Little Brown Bobby," "Mrs. Snipkin and Mrs. Wobblechin," and "Sleepyland," from "In my Nursery;" and Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., publishers of the volume last named.

MARY WILDER TILESTON

SUGAR AND SPICE,
AND ALL THAT'S NICE.



RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what baby can buy :
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie.

RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fair lady get on a white horse ;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

RIDE away, ride away, baby shall ride ;
 And he shall have pussy-cat tied to one side,
 And he shall have little dog tied to the other,
 And baby shall ride to see his grandmother.

RIDE, ride to Boston,
 Ride, ride to Lynn ;
 Ride, ride to Salem,
 Ride home again.

HERE goes my lord, —
 A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot !
 Here goes my lady, —
 A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter !
 Here goes my young master, —
 Jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch !
 Here goes my young miss, —
 An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble !
 The footman lags behind, in the London mud and grime,
 And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make up his time.

PACE, pace, go the ladies, oh !
 The ladies, oh !
 Trot, trot, go the gentlefolk ;
 So do we, so do we !
 Here come in the country-folk, —
 Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee !



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man !
"So I will, master, as fast as I can."
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And toss it in the oven for [Tommy] and me.

TO BE SAID TO BABY'S FINGERS.

PEEDY, Peedy ; Pally, Ludy ; Lady Whistle ;
Lody Whostle ; Great Odomondod !

SHOE the old horse,
 And shoe the old mare,
 But let the little colt go bare.

TO BE SAID TO THE BABY'S TOES.

THIS little pig went to market,
 And this little pig stayed at home ;
 This little pig had all the roast beef,
 And this little piggy had none ;
 And this little pig cried,
 Wee ! Wee ! I want some, I want some, I want some !



HERE sits the Lord Mayor, [touching forehead]
 Here sit his two men, [eyes]
 Here sits the cock, [right cheek]
 Here sits the hen, [left cheek]
 Here sit the little chickens, [tip of nose]
 Here they all run in ; [mouth]
 Chinchopper, chinchopper,
 Chinchopper chin ! [chuck the chin]

KNOCK at the door, [forehead]
 And peep in, [lift eyelids]
 Open the door, [mouth]
 And walk in.

Chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper chin !



“Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?”

“Little Tom Tinker’s dog,
Whose dog art thou?”



HICKORY, dickory, dock ;
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one,
And down he run ;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

BYE, baby bunting,
Papa 's gone a-hunting,
Mamma 's gone a-milking,
Sister 's gone a-silking,
Brother 's gone to get a skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green ;
Father 's a nobleman, mother 's a queen ;
Betty 's a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnnie 's a drummer, and drums for the king

HEY ! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary !
Such a sweet pet as this, as this,
Was neither far nor neary.



• Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy ;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Is John Smith within?
"Yes, that he is."
Can he set a shoe?
"Aye, marry, two ;
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too !"

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in :
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off ?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you would snap our heads off !"

Pussy sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how d' ye do?"
"Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I 'm very well just now."

Pussy-CAT MEW jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole ;
Pussy-cat Mew shall have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat 's mended with silk.

"MOTHER, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my dearest daughter ;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."



CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone, —
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she's crept under the pudding-pan.



“WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?

I will go with you, if I may.”

“I’m going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I’m going to see them make the hay.”

I HAVE been to market, my lady, my lady.

“Then you’ve not been to the fair,” says pussy, says pussy.

I bought me a rabbit, my lady, my lady.

“Then you did not buy a hare,” says pussy, says pussy.

I roasted it for dinner, my lady, my lady.

“Then you did not boil it,” says pussy, says pussy.

And then I ate it, my lady, my lady.

“And I’ll eat you,” says pussy, says pussy.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums ;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

THERE was a little woman, as I 've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedler whose name was Stout,
Who cut off her petticoats all round about ;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the little woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake ;
She began to shake, and she began to cry,
" Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I.

“ But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he knows me ;
If it be I, he ’ll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he ’ll loudly bark and rail.”

Home went the little woman all in the dark ;
Up jumped the little dog, and he began to bark ;
He began to bark, and she began to cry,
“ Oh, deary, deary me, I see this is n’t I ! ”



LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
And said, “ What a good boy am I ! ”



LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe ;
What can little Betty do ?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she can walk in two.

"DING dong-bell,
Pussy's in the well !"
"Who put her in ?"
"Little Johnny Green."
"Who pulled her out ?"
"Big Johnny Stout."
"What a naughty boy was that
To try to drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn."



LITTLE BOY BLUE.



LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn ;
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn ;
What ! is this the way you tend your sheep,
Under the hay-stack fast asleep ?

THERE was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she 's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies ;
And she 's the old woman that never told lies.

CURLY locks ! Curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine ;
But sit on a cushion and sew a gold seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.



MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With silver bells, and cockle shells,
 And pretty maids all in a row.

Two little blackbirds sat upon a hill,
 One named Jack, the other named Jill;
 Fly away, Jack; fly away, Jill;
 Come again, Jack; come again, Jill.

HEY rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,
 And who do you think was there?
 The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
 And all of them going to the fair.

ONE, two,
 Buckle my shoe ;
 Three, four,
 Shut the door ;
 Five, six,
 Pick up sticks ;
 Seven, eight,
 Lay them straight ;
 Nine, ten,
 A good fat hen.



SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye ;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to sing ;
 Was not that a dainty dish
 To set before the king ?

The king was in the parlor,
 Counting out his money ;
 The queen was in the kitchen,
 Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden,
 Hanging out the clothes ;
 There came a little blackbird,
 And nipped off her nose.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
Where she was going I could n't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky !
And I will be back again by and by."



PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?
"I've been to London to see the Queen."
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
"I frightened a little mouse under her chair."

COME when you're called,
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise ;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

RAIN, rain, go away ;
Come again another day ;
Little [Edith] wants to play.

A CAT came fiddling out
of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes
under her arm ;
She could sing nothing
but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married
the bumble-bee ;
Pipe, cat, — dance,
mouse, —
We'll have a wedding at
our good house.



HUMPTY, dumpty, diddle-dum-dee !
Flash ! he married the bumble-bee.
The cock and the hen were two pretty men,
They went to the wedding and back again.



JACK and Jill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather ;
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,—
With a “ How do you do,” and “ How do you do,”
And “ How do you do,” again !

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe ;
She had so many children she did n't know what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed.

"To bed, to bed," says Sleepy-head ;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow ;
"Put on the pan," says Greedy-Nan,
"We 'll sup before we go."



ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.
There were raisins in the cabin,
Sugared kisses in the hold,
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

There were four and twenty sailors
A-skipping on the deck,
And they were little white mice
With rings about the neck.
The captain was a duck
With a jacket on his back,
And when the ship began to sail,
The captain cried, "Quack ! quack !"



My mother and your mother
Met over the way ;
Said my mother to your mother,
“ It ’s chop-a-nose day.”

I ’LL tell you a story
About Jack a Norey ;
And now my story ’s begun.
I ’ll tell you another
About his brother ;
And now my story ’s done.



To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Home again, home again, market is late.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun ;
Home again, home again, market is done.

BLESS you, bless you, burnie bee ;
Say, when will your wedding be ?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.



CROSS patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin ;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

SHUT THE DOOR.

GODFREY Gordon Gustavus Gore !
Will you never learn to shut the door ?



ELSIE MARLEY 's grown so fine,
She won't get up to feed the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

Do ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?

The wife that sells the barley, honey?

Elsie Marley 's grown so fine, etc.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey ;
There came a black spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes ;
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf ;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow ;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them.
She found them indeed ; but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
 Into a meadow hard by ;
 There she espied their tails, side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
 And over the hills went race,— oh !
 And did what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 To tack each again to its place, — oh !



A DILLAR, a dollar,
 A ten-o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You used to come at ten o'clock,
 And now you come at noon.

THE man in the moon
 Came down too soon
 To inquire the way to Norwich ;
 The man in the south
 Burnt his mouth
 With eating cold plum-porridge.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of ?
 What are little boys made of ?
 Snaps, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails ;
 And that's what little boys are made of.
 What are little girls made of, made of ?
 What are little girls made of ?
 Sugar and spice, and all that's nice ;
 And that's what little girls are made of.



I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell ;
I gave him some work, and he did it very well ;
I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to his chin.

I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
But he tumbled quite down, and fell in a rage ;
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again, and said there was none there. .

A DOG and a cat went out together,
To see some friends just out of town ;
Said the cat to the dog,
"What d'ye think of the weather?"
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down ;
But don't be alarmed, for I 've an umbrella
That will shelter us both," said this amiable fellow.

"BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?"
"Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full, —
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane."

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread ;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin ;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe ;
But when she came back,
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer ;
But when she came back,
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red ;
But when she came back,
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat ;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig ;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit ;
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat ;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes ;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress,
To buy him some linen ;
But when she came back,
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose ;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, " Your servant,"
The dog said, Bow, wow.

RICHARD and Robin were two pretty men ;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten.
Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky ;
" Oho ! brother Richard, the sun's very high.
Do you go before with the bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag."



LITTLE Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper.
What shall I sing?"
White bread and butter.

How shall I cut it
Without any knife?
How shall I marry
Without any wife?"



THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And tuck his head under his wing,
Poor thing !

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree ;
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran ;
Says little Robin Redbreast, " Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall ;
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall ;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin jumped away.

POOR Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him ;
Poor Dog Bright.

Poor Cat Fright
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her ;
Poor Cat Fright.



WHEN BABY HURTS HER HAND.

PAT it, kiss it,
Stroke it, bless it ;
Three days' sunshine, three days' rain,
Little hand all well again.

FROM THE GERMAN

SUSY MILLER.

SUSY MILLER, she burnt her little finger,
Susy Miller, she burnt her little finger,
Susy Miller, she burnt her little finger ;
One little finger burnt.

One little, two little, three little fingers,
Four little, five little, six little fingers,
Seven little, eight little, nine little fingers,
Nine little fingers burnt.

E. P. PRENTISS

KITTY IN THE BASKET.

"WHERE is my little basket gone?"

Said Charlie boy, one day;

"I guess some little boy or girl

Has taken it away.

"And Kitty, too, I can't find her;

Oh, dear! what shall I do?

I wish I could my basket find,

And little Kitty too.

"I'll go to mother's room, and look;

Perhaps she may be there,

For Kitty loves to take a nap

In mother's easy-chair.

"O mother, mother! come and look!

See what a little heap!

My Kitty's in the basket here,

All cuddled down to sleep."

He took the basket carefully,

And brought it in a minute,

And showed it to his mother dear,

With little Kitty in it.

E. L. FOLLEN.



I HAD a little doggy that used to sit and beg ;
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs and broke his little leg.
Oh ! Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a little silver bell.

Ah ! Doggy, don't you think you should very faithful be,
For having such a loving friend to comfort you as me ?
And when your leg is better, and you can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields and see them making hay.

But, Doggy, you must promise (and mind your word you
keep)

Not once to tease the little lambs, or run among the sheep ;
And then the little yellow chicks that play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.



SELDOM "can't,"
Seldom "don't ;"
Never "sha'n't,"
Never "won't."

C. G. ROSSETTI.

COCKS AND HENS.

(To imitate the call of the fowls.)

Hen. Cock, cock, cock, cock,
I've laid an egg.
Am I to go ba-are-foot?

Cock. Hen, hen, hen, hen,
I've been up and down,
To every shop in town,
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your foot,
If I'd crow my hea-art out !

[To be said very quickly, except the last two words in each verse, which are to be "screamed" out.]

E. L. FOLLEN.

THE LITTLE KITTY.

ONCE there was a little kitty
Whiter than snow ;
In a barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty
Black as a sloe ;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough ;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mouse cried, " Oh !"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

E. PRENTISS.



A WHITE hen sitting
On white eggs three ;
Next, three speckled chickens,
As plump as plump can be.

An owl, and a hawk,
And a bat come to see ;
But chicks beneath their mother's wing
Squat safe as safe can be.

C. G. ROSSETT.



MARY AND HER LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb ;
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day ;
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out ;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm ;
As if to say, " I 'm not afraid ;
You 'll keep me from all harm."

" What makes the lamb love Mary so ? "
The eager children cry.
" Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

SARAH J. HALE.

DING DONG ! DING DONG !

DING dong ! ding dong !
I 'll sing you a song.
'T is about a little bird ;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
I 'll sing you a song.
'T is about a little mouse ;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
I 'll sing you a song
About my little kitty.
She 's speckled all over,
And I know you 'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
I have sung my song.
Now give me a little kiss.
I 'll sing you another,
Some time or other,
That is prettier than this.

E. L. FOLLEN.

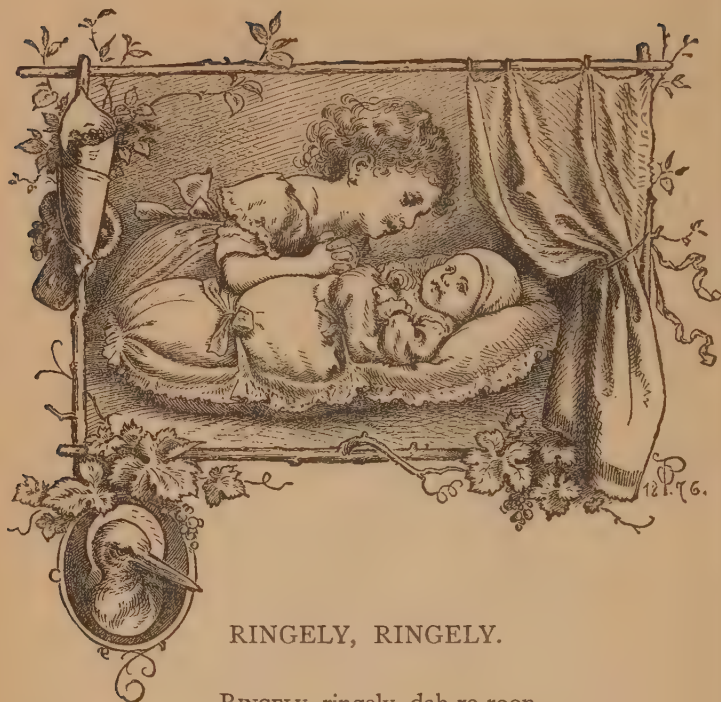
THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

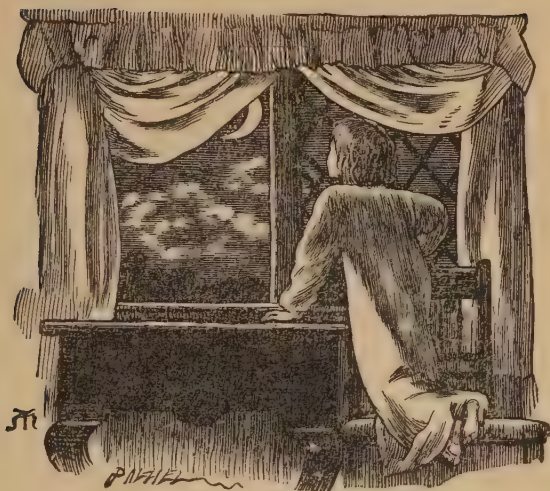


RINGELY, RINGELY.

RINGELY, ringely, dah-re-roon,
 My baby has slept till almost noon ;
 Ringely, ringely, dah-re-roon,
 My baby shall have his breakfast soon.

Ringely, ringely, dah-re-roon,
 Here is his milk and here is his spoon ;
 Ringely, ringely, dah-re-roon,
 He'll be a month older when comes next moon.

E. L. FOLLEN.



LADY MOON.

"LADY Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"

"Over the sea."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"

"All that love me."

LORD HOUGHTON.

THERE was a little girl,
 And she had a little curl,
 That hung in the middle of her forehead ;
 When she was good,
 She was very, very good,
 But when she was bad she was horrid.



THE BABY IN THE BASKET.

"Now, where are you going this beautiful day?"

"Good sir, I am going to help rake the hay."

"But you must be weary and worn, I'm afraid,
With that heavy load on your back, little maid."

"Oh, no, sir! the load is not heavy to me;
The load is my own baby-sister, you see."

EMILY CARTER.



THE BLACKSMITH.

I saw in Ulm a castle high ;
A blacksmith's shop was standing by.
If you can shoe my horse to-day,
Then shoe him quick, good sir, I say !
And if the nails should cause him pain,
Then you must pull them out again.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY.

TO BE SAID TO BABY'S FINGERS.

THIS little fellow, we call him a thumb ;
This little fellow, he knocked down a plum ;
This bigger one picked it up where it lay ;
And this little fellow bore it away ;
But this little, little rogue was so greedy, you see,
That he ate it all up from Baby and me.

FROM THE GERMAN

PAT, pat ! a little cake,
First we knead, and then we bake ;
Then we put it on a plate.
Eat it up ; we need n't wait.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY

CALICO PIE.

CALICO pie !
The little birds fly
Down to the calico-tree ;
Their wings were blue,
And they sang, "Tilly-loo !"
Till away they flew :
And they never came back to me ;
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.

Calico jam !
The little Fish swam
Over the Syllabub Sea.
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat
And the Willeby-Wat :
But he never came back to me ;
He never came back,
He never came back,
He never came back to me.

Calico ban !
The little Mice ran
To be ready in time for tea ;
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup :
But they never came back to me ;
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.

Calico drum !
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee ;
Over the ground,
Around and round,
With a hop and a bound ;
But they never came back to me,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.



FANNY'S DOVES.

FANNY loves
Her pretty doves,
Fan and Puff and Plum,
Cream and Brown,
They flutter down,
And all around her come.
Coo, coo,
How do you do?
Quite well, thank you ; how are you?



THE NURSERY.

WHY does the fire burn so bright?

To warm us all on a frosty night.

Why does the kettle make a noise?

To boil the water for girls and boys.

Why does the kitten play on the rug?

To make our room so merry and snug.

Why does Mamma take us up on her knee?

To give us kisses, one, two, and three.

MRS. MOTHERLY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How pleasant is Saturday night,

When I've tried all the week to be good,

Not spoken a word that was bad,

And obliged every one that I could.



PUSSY.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play :
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food ;
And she'll love me, because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her ;
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw ;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For pussy don't like to be worried and teased.

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE Pussy Whitey-toes,
You funny, wee, wee cat,
I guess I know, and Grandpa knows,
Who slept in his new hat.



Pussy has a whiskered face,
Kitty has such pretty ways,
Doggie scampers when I call,
And has a heart to love us all.

The dog lies in his kennel,
And Puss purrs on the rug,
And baby perches on my knee
For me to love and hug.

Pat the dog and stroke the cat,
Each in its degree ;
And cuddle and kiss my baby,
And baby kiss me.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

THE DICKY-BIRD.

THE Dickey-bird lived in a tree by the wall ;
 The wind it blew loud and the nest had a fall.
 The Dickey-bird cried, " All my darlings are dead !"
 But the dear little Dickey-birds jumped up and said,
 " O mother, dear mother, we 're not hurt at all !"
 So they flew up again in the tree by the wall.
 There they make pretty music all the day long,
 So open the window, and let 's hear their song.

MRS. MOTHERLY.



EIGHT o'clock,
 The postman's knock !
 Five letters for Papa,
 One for Lou,
 And none for you,
 And three for dear Mamma.

C. G. ROSSETTI

BREAD and milk for breakfast,
 And woollen frocks to wear,
 And a crumb for robin redbreast
 On the cold days of the year.

C. G. ROSSETTI

HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full of a number of things,
 I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



WALTER AND HIS DOG.

THERE was a little boy,
And he had a piece of bread ;
And he put his little cap
On his head, head, head.

Upon his hobby-horse
Then he went to take a ride,
With his pretty spaniel Flash
By his side, side, side.

Little Walter was his name,
And he said to little Flash,
“ Let us gallop round the house,
With a dash, dash, dash.”

So he laid down his bread
In a snug little place,
And away Walter went
For a race, race, race.

But Flash had a plan
In his little roguish head,
Of taking to himself
Walter's bread, bread, bread.

So he watched for a moment,
When Walter did not look,
And the nice piece of bread
Slyly took, took, took.

When Walter saw the rogue,
He cried, "O naughty Flash!"
And he showed his little whip
With a lash, lash, lash.

But Flash looked so good-natured,
With his tail curled up behind,
That his aunty said to Walter,
"Never mind, mind, mind.

"Flash is nothing but a puppy;
So, Walter, do not worry;
If he knew that he'd done wrong,
He'd be sorry, sorry, sorry.

"And don't be angry, Walter,
That Flash has had a treat;
Here's another piece of bread
You may eat, eat, eat."

So Walter ate his bread ;
And then to Flash he cried,
“Come, you saucy little dog,
Let us ride, ride, ride.”

E. L. FOLLEN.



SPECKELDY hen, speckeldy hen,
What do you do in my garden-pen?
You scratch up my flowers, indeed you do,
And what in the world shall I say to you?
Mother will scold,— you know she will,—
And father will beat you for doing ill ;
And I'd just like to know what you'll do then,
You dear little naughty speckeldy hen.

FROM THE GERMAN.



OUR BABY'S RABBITS.

THE pretty rabbits are so tame
They will not run away ;
So we can let them run about,
To have a little play.

Now put them on the clean, soft grass,
With nice green leaves to eat ;
They will be very happy then,
And think it quite a treat.

Such darling, darling little pets,
So silky, soft, and warm !
We 'll smooth their fur with gentle hands,
And keep them safe from harm.

O bunny, funny bunny !
Why do you eat so quick ?
You gobble, gobble, gobble, —
Your dinner 'll make you sick.

UNO, *Baby Ballads.*

OH, LOOK AT THE MOON.

OH, look at the moon !
She is shining up there ;
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow ;
But now she 's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor !

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your bright, pretty face.

E. L. FOLLEN.



FEEDING THE ROBIN.

COME hither, sweet robin, and be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather ;
Come hither, sweet robin, and pick up some bread
To feed you this very cold weather.
I don't mean to frighten you, poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me ;
So hop about pretty, and drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind me.

But now the wind blows, and I must not stay long,
I shall let all the snow and the sleet in ;
So remember next summer to give me a song
To pay for the breakfast you're eating.
I don't mean to frighten you, poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me ;
So hop about pretty, and drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind me.

ANONYMOUS.



UPON A GREAT BLACK HORSE-ILY.

UPON a great black horse-ily
A man came riding cross-ily ;
A lady out did come-ily,
Said she, " No one 's at home-ily,

"But only little people-y,
Who 've gone to bed to sleep-ily."
The rider on his horse-ily
Said to the lady, cross-ily,

"But are they bad or good-ily?
I want it understood-ily."
"Oh, they act bad and bold-ily,
And don't do what they're told-ily."

"Good-by!" said he, "dear Ma'am-ily,
I've nothing for your family."
And scampered off like a mouse-ily
Away, way, way from the house-ily.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY.



AROUND and around a dusty
little room,
Went a very little maiden
with a very big broom.
And she said, "Oh, I could
make it so tidy and so
trig,
Were I a little bigger and
my broom not quite
so big!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

ANNA SUSANNA.

"ANNA SUSANNA, go to school!"

"I can't, for I've lost my shoe!"

"Put on Papa's great slipper, then!"

"It's too big, and 't will not do!"

"Well, then, to make it fit, you may
Stuff it full of new-mown hay."

But Anna Susanna, she did not like that,
And went without shoes, and without her hat.

POSIES FOR CHILDREN.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little Turtle-Dove
Made a pretty little nursery
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft;
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo, coo," said the Turtle-Dove,

"Coo," said she.

"Oh, I love thee!" said the Turtle-Dove,

"And I love THEE."

In the long shady boughs

Of the dark pine-tree,

Oh, how happy were the Doves,

In their little nursery!

The young Turtle-Doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little Doves,
"Coo, coo," said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the Turtle-Dove's nest —
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

FIDDLEDEE.

FIDDLEDEE diddledee dido,
A poor little boy he cried, O !
He cried for what?
Oh, I 've forgot.
Perhaps you had better ask Fido.

Fiddledee diddledee dido,
The dog ran off to hide, O !
He 'll bark and squeak,
But never speak.
There 's no use in asking Fido.

E. L. FOLLEN.



LITTLE Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,
Eating some nice sauer-kraut,
When the little dog Schneider
Came and sat down beside her,
And little Dutch Gretchen went out.

ST. NICHOLAS.



THE BOY AND THE SQUIRREL.

Boy. SQUIRREL, dear Squirrel, up there on the tree,
You're perched up so high I scarce can see ;
Won't you come down now, with me to play ?

Squirrel. It is too merry up here to-day ;
I think it far better fun to go
Here in the branches, to and fro.

Through the garden the child then strayed ;
Through the branches the squirrel played.
Soon the boy came back to the tree —
“ Now, dear Squirrel, come play with me ! ”
“ But,” said Skuggy, “ to tell you true,
I have n't the time to play with you.”

F. HEY.

WHEN the snow is on the ground,
Little Robin Redbreast grieves ;
For no berries can be found,
And on the trees there are no leaves.

The air is cold, the worms are hid ;
For this poor bird, what can be done ?
We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

“WHERE do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window-pane ?
They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

“They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all ;
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.
Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play, —
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day ?

"They say I'm very naughty ;
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window :
I should like to play with you."
The little rain-drops cannot speak ;
But " pitter-patter-pat "
Means " We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on *that* ? "

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE CLOCKING HEN.

" WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day ?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
" Oh ! thank you," said the Clocking Hen,
" I've something else to do, —
I'm busy sitting on my eggs ;
I cannot walk with you.

" Clock, clock, clock, clock,"
Said the Clocking Hen ;
" My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."
The Clocking Hen sat on her nest ;
She made it in the hay ;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs !
Out dropped the chickens small !
"Clock," said the Clocking Hen,
"Now I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hollo," said the Barn-Door Cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo !"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

BYE-BYE.

WHEN little Birdie bye-bye goes,
Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where no one knows,
On one leg he perches.

When little Babie bye-bye goes,
On Mamma's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
Lightly as a feather.

When little Babie goes to sleep,
And he is very near us,
Then on tip-toe softly creep,
That Babie may not hear us.
Lullaby ! Lullaby ! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby !

ANON.



K. OERTEL 42.

BABY GOES OUT TO TEA.

COME, Baby, come quick, for I want you to see
The present Mamma has just given to me !
A set of new tea-things that really hold tea, —
A dear little tea-pot to keep the tea hot,
And tiny white cups with a pretty blue spot,
And a glass sugar-basin. How nice, is it not?
And I am to use them this same afternoon ;
So, Baby, I 'll give you some tea very soon,
In a little white cup, with a saucer and spoon.

LITTLE Mother Maybe
Turning out the tea :
Sugar and milk for baby,
Milk and sugar for me.

UNO, *Baby Ballads.*

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

(*A Cat's Tale, with Additions.*)

THREE little kittens lost their mittens ;

And they began to cry,

" Oh, mother dear,

We very much fear

That we have lost our mittens."

" LOST YOUR MITTENS !

YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS !

THEN YOU SHALL HAVE NO PIE."

" Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

" NO, YOU SHALL HAVE NO PIE."

" Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens ;

And they began to cry,

" Oh, mother dear,

See here, see here !

See, we have found our mittens !"

" PUT ON YOUR MITTENS,

YOU SILLY KITTENS,

AND YOU MAY HAVE SOME PIE."

" Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh, let us have the pie !

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie ;

" Oh, mother dear,

We greatly fear

That we have soiled our mittens !"

" SOILED YOUR MITTENS !

YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS !"

'Then they began to sigh,

" Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

Then they began to sigh,

" Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry ;

" Oh, mother dear,

Do not you hear,

That we have washed our mittens ?"

" WASHED YOUR MITTENS !

OH, YOU'RE GOOD KITTENS !

BUT I SMELL A RAT CLOSE BY ;

HUSH, HUSH ! MEE-OW, MEE-OW."

" We smell a rat close by.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

E. L. FOLLEN

GOOD-MORNING.

BABY, baby, ope your eye,
For the sun is in the sky ;
And he's peeping once again
Through the clear, bright window-pane ;
Little baby, do not keep
Any longer fast asleep.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.



LULLABY.

HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,
 White with foam, white with foam ;
 Father toils amid their din ;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep ;
 On they come, on they come !
 Brother seeks the wandering sheep ;
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
 Where they roam, where they roam ;
 Sister goes to seek the cows ;
 But baby sleeps at home.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN.

A CHILD should always say what's true,
 And speak when he is spoken to,
 And behave mannerly at table,
 At least as far as he is able.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FROM "HOW THE FROGGIES GO TO SLEEP."

THE Little, Wee Froggies
 Won't go to sleep.
 Won't-go-to-sleep
 When the night grows dark,
 And far away
 The little dogs bark,
 And the young birds rest
 Every one in its nest,
 Under its mother's wing.

For the Little, Wee Froggies
 Are, every one,
 Choke-full of fun !
 And they wink, and blink,
 And chatter, and squeak :
"Cutty-up ! cutty-up ! Rick-a-jink !
Wide-awake ! wide-awake ! Chick-a-rink !
Rick-a-jink, jink, jink !
Can't sleep ! not a wink ! wink !"

Then the Great, Green, Goggle-eyed Old Frog roars out,
 "GO-DER-ZLEEP ! GO-DER-ZLEEP !
 HUSH-YER-NOISE ! HUSH-YER-NOISE !
 GO-DER-ZLEEP !"

But the Little, Wee Froggies say,
*" Wide-awake ! wide-awake !
 Cutty-up ! cutty-up !
 Fink ! "*

Then the old Mamma-Frog quavers out,
" Hushmydears ! hushmydears ! "

And the Uncle-Frog growls,
*" Spank-'em !
 Spank-'em ! "*

And the Aunty-Frog whines,
*" Sparetherod, sp'ilthechild !
 Sp'ilthechild ! sp'ilthechild ! "*

And the Cousin-Frog snarls,
" Ker-flog ! flog ! flog ! "

So the wee-bit folk,
 And the big old folk,
 And the smart young folk,
 Keep grumbling,
 And fretting,
 And peeping,
 And growling,
 And all together :

" Go-der-zleep ! dill mor-nin' ! "

" Cutty-up ! cutty-up !

Wide-awake ! "

" Hush-my-dears ! 'shmyde-ars ! "

" Rick-a-jink ! rick-a-jink ! "

" Sparetherod ! sp'ilthechild ! "

" Spank-'em ! spank-'em ! "

" Wide-awake ! wide-awake ! "

"Ker-flog ! ker-flog !"

"Getting slee-py !

Good-night !"

"GO-DER-ZLEEP—DILL MOR-NIN'.

GOOD JILDREN ! GOOD JILDREN !"

"H'shmyde - - ars ! h'shmyde - - ars !"

"Fast asleep !

Till mor - - r - - nin !

Sleep !"

J. K. NUTTING.

THE COW.

"PRETTY Moo-cow, will you tell

Why you like the fields so well ?

You never pluck the daisies white,

Nor look up to the sky so bright ;

So tell me, Moo-cow, tell me true,

Are you happy when you moo ?"

"I do not pluck the daisies white ;

I care not for the sky so bright ;

But all day long I lie and eat

Pleasant grass, so fresh and sweet, —

Grass that makes nice milk for you ;

So I am happy when I moo."

MRS. MOTHERLY.

THE GIFT.

I 'LL give you now, both great and small,

A handsome ivory NOTHING-AT-ALL,

With a silver No, and a golden NEVER,

Wrapped up in a beautiful WAIT-FOREVER.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY



BABY dear, good-night, good-night,
Doggie lies in slumbers deep ;
Hush-a-bye, my treasure bright,
Pussy too is fast asleep.
Don't you wake them ! If you do,
Pups will bark, and Puss will mew.
Go to sleep, and never fear,
Mother will call when morning 's near.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP !

SLEEP, baby, sleep !

Thy father watches the sheep ;
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee :

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess :

Sleep, baby, sleep !

FROM THE GERMAN.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie

Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs
In his night-gown,
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed,
For it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey ! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming then ?
The cat ’s singing Purrie
To the sleeping hen ;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep ;
But here ’s a wakeful laddie
That will not fall asleep.”

Anything but sleep, you rogue !
 Glowering like the moon !
 Rattling in an iron jug
 With an iron spoon,
 Rumbling, tumbling all about,
 Crowing like a cock,
 Screaming like — I don't know what,
 Waking sleeping folk.

“ Hey ! Willie Winkie,
 Can't you keep him still ?
 Wriggling off a body's knee -
 Like a very eel,
 Pulling at the cat's ear,
 As she drowsy hums —
 Hey, Willie Winkie !
 See, there he comes ! ”

Wearied is the mother
 That has a restless wean,
 A wee, stumpy bairnie
 Heard whene'er he 's seen —
 That has a battle aye with sleep
 Before he'll close an e'e ;
 But a kiss from off his rosy lips
 Gives strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE MOON IT SHINES.

THE moon it shines,
 The baby whines, —
 The clock strikes twelve.
 It's getting too late to toil and delve.

In quiet nights
The mousie bites, —
The clock strikes one.
May naughty dreams little cradles shun !

Little Bo Peep
Is fast asleep, —
The clock strikes two.
May good girls be many, and naughty girls few !

The wind it blows,
The cock he crows, —
The clock strikes three.
The ship sails quietly over the sea.

The horse says "Neigh !"
He wants some hay, —
The clock strikes four.
The coach is standing before the door.

The cat says "Mew !"
The dog barks, too, —
The clock strikes five.
The bees are all waking up in the hive.

The hen cackles,
The duck quackles, —
The clock strikes six.
Time to get up and pick mother some sticks.

The cook will bake
A nice little cake, —
The clock strikes seven.
Put on the pudding and boil till eleven.

You shall be fed
With milk and bread, —
The clock strikes eight.
Come ! eat your breakfast, before it's too late.

FROM THE GERMAN



GOOD-NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty little bed ;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away ;
All the clothes are tucked in tight,
Little baby dear, good-night.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME



BABY MAKING CAKES.

BROTHER, are the cakes all done?

The oven's nice and hot.

We'll bake them quickly in the sun,

Upon a flower-pot.

Butter and sugar, eggs and flour,

Mix well together, bake an hour,

Baby's the baker, sister is cook,

While Master Blackbird does nothing but look.

Eggs well beaten, sugar to sweeten,
Meal, salt, and flour ; then bake well an hour.
It will be light and very sweet ;
If you like it, you may eat.

Little busy-bodies working in the sun.
Sing, little blackbird, for the cakes are done ;
One for baby's sister, one for baby too ;
Pretty little blackbird, we'll leave the crumbs for you.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake.
Who cakes will make,
Many things must take.

UNO, *Baby Ballads.*

POODLE.

"WHO 's been taking my milk without leave?
Had I but caught him, the naughty thief!
Poodle, can you have taken some?
Poodle, poodle, why don't you come?
That fine white beard, pray, where did you get,
And say, good Poodle, how came it wet?"

The lady saw him, and laughed loud out,
"Ah, Poodle, Poodle, what are you about?
It can't be you that so greedy has grown."
Oh, then Poodle's tail fell drooping down,
And he howled and whined, and was so ashamed,
I don't think again for theft he'll be blamed.

F. HEY.



FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
“Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm !”

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
“Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug !”

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
“Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal !”

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel-stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden-patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You must come and scratch."

AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

OH, MY FOOT!

How my foot pains me! When I work,
It gives a twitch, and then a jerk;
But when I'm going to a ball,
Oh, then my foot don't pain at all.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY

THE NESTLING.

A NESTLING in the little crib,
A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in my ear,
"Mamma, I'm tummin' into bed!"

"Oh, no !" I said, "'t will never do ;
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks,
Then you may come, — when comes the light."

Again a nestling in the crib,
As down to rest my birdie lay ;
I listened, for I thought she spoke ;
" Huddy up, Light ! " I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again,
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky ;
Then sang my birdie clear and sweet,
" Now Light has tome, and so has I ! "

F. W. SWEETSER.

BABY AS A HAIR-DRESSER.

" LITTLE sister, pray take care, —
You are pulling out my hair !
Brush away with all your might,
But keep your fingers out of sight.

" Do you think a tot like you
Can part your sister's tresses true,
Brush her hair, and make it curl, —
Do you, cunning little girl ?

" How she pulls, the little sprite !
See her rub with all her might !
Hear her crow, and hear her chatter !
Goodness gracious ! what's the matter ?



“Thought my hair was coming out.
 Little tease, now do not pout ;
 If 't will please you, brush away,
 Only do be careful, pray.

“Pray do take care, you chatterbox,
 Don't pull my hair, and spoil my locks.”
 “I buss you dood as ever I tood ;
 Make pitty turls for 'ittle durls.”

UNO, *Baby Ballads.*

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go ;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow !
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
“Ting-a-ling-ding !”
Hurrah for Thanksgiving-Day !

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray !
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting-hound !
For this is Thanksgiving-Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait !

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy !
Hurrah for the fun !
Is the pudding done ?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie !

L. MARIA CHILD.



OVER IN THE MEADOW.

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
“Wink !” said the mother ;
“I wink,” said the one :
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two,
"Swim !" said the mother ;
" We swim," said the two :
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little birdies three.
" Sing !" said the mother ;
" We sing," said the three :
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little ratties four.
" Dive !" said the mother ;
" We dive," said the four :
So they dived, and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
" Buzz !" said the mother ;
" We buzz," said the five :
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw !" said the mother ;
"We caw," said the six :
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp !" said the mother ;
"We chirp," said the seven :
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask !" said the mother ;
"We bask," said the eight :
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak !" said the mother ;
"We croak," said the nine :
So they croaked, and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin !" said the mother ;
"We spin," said the ten :
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother-fire-fly
And her little flies eleven.
"Shine !" said the mother ;
"We shine," said the eleven :
So they shone like stars,
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother-ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil !" said the mother ;
"We toil," said the twelve :
So they toiled, and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

THE RABBITS.

BETWEEN the hill and the brook, ook, ook,
Two rabbits sat in the sun, O !
And there they ate the green, green grass,
Till all the grass was gone, O !

And when they had eaten enough, nough, nough,
They sat down to have a talk, O !

When there came a man with a gun, gun, gun,
And fired at them over the walk, O !

But when they found they were sound, ound, ound,
Nor hurt by the gun, gun, gun, O !

They picked themselves up from the ground, ound, ound,
And scampered away like fun, O !

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY

BABY LAPP'S RIDE.

"Now, give us a wrap,"
Says the father Lapp,
"And I'll take baby a ride to-day ;
Swiftly we'll go
Over the snow,
Ever and ever so far away."

So up in a wrap
They tuck little Lapp,
Till all you can see is baby's nose ;
And, safe from harm,
On father's arm,
How loud and merrily baby crows.

For they're all the same,
Whatever their name,
Or whether at North or South they grow ;
They love to ride
By father's side,
Whenever the ground is white with snow.

ANON.



NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star doth shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE ROBIN RED-BREASTS.

Two Robin Red-Breasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree ;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily ;
And all the little young ones said,
“ Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee ! ”

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-Robin said, “ My little dears,
’T is time you learn to fly.”
And all the little young ones said,
“ I ’ll try, I ’ll try, I ’ll try.”

I know a child, and who she is
I ’ll tell you by-and-by,
When Mamma says, “ Do this,” or “ that,”
She says, “ What for ? ” and “ Why ? ”
She ’d be a better child by far
If she would say, “ I ’ll try.”

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
“ In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet,
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh ! he is my darling, my heart's delight.

The robin, he
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four ;
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat and her kittens three !
I heard her whispering soft ; said she,
" My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair, —
I love my kittens with all my might ;
I love them at morning and noon and night ;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell, —
Which of the three,
For the life of me, —

I love them all so well.
Now I 'll take up my kitties, — the kitties I love,
And we 'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?



I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.

You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am ;
For lambs or for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.

No ! no ! not though

The kittens could crow,

Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.

My dear downy darlings ! my sweet little things !

Come, nestle, now, cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed.

And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,

While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

MRS. CARTER

THE LITTLE DOVES.

HIGH on the top of an old pine-tree,
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three ;
Warm over them is her soft downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest :
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight ;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might :
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.



When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again :
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another :
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill :
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Wisely the mother begins, by and by,
To make her young ones learn to fly ;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink :
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight ;
Till unto them at the last draws nigh
The time when they all must say good-by :
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine-tree.

JR

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S SONG.

"In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight.

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean.

"In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand the song.

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink and write it down.

"I sent a message to the fish :
I told them, 'This is what I wish.'

"The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.

"The little fishes' answer was,
'We cannot do it, sir, because —'

"I sent to them again to say,
'It will be better to obey.'

"The fishes answered with a grin,
'Why, what a temper you are in !'

"I told them once, I told them twice :
They would not listen to advice.

"I took a kettle, large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

"My heart went hop, my heart went thump ;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

"Then some one came to me and said,
'The little fishes are in bed.'

"I said to him, I said it plain,
'Then you must wake them up again.'

"I said it very loud and clear ;
I went and shouted in his ear.

"But he was very stiff and proud ;
He said, 'You need n't shout so loud !'

"And he was very proud and stiff ;
He said, 'I'd go and wake them, if —'

"I took a corkscrew from the shelf ;
I went to wake them up myself.

"And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

"And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but — "

There was a long pause.

"Is that all ?" Alice timidly asked.

"That's all," said Humpty-Dumpty. "Good-by."

LEWIS CARROLL

ROBIN KNOWS GREAT A.

"COME hither, little puppy-dog,
I'll give you a new collar,
If you will learn to read your book,
And be a clever scholar."
"No ! no !" replied the puppy-dog,
"I've other fish to fry ;
For I must learn to guard your house,
And bark when thieves come nigh."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

"Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
Come and learn your letters ;
And you shall have a knife and fork
To eat with, like your betters."

"No ! no !" the cockatoo replied,
"My beak will do as well ;
I'd rather eat my victuals thus
Than go and learn to spell."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

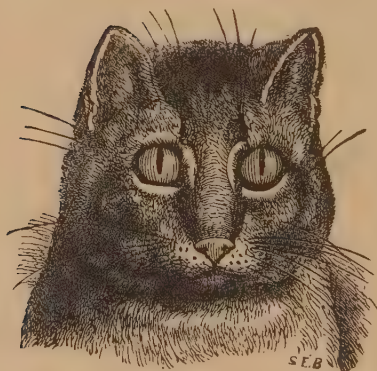
"Come hither, little pussy-cat,
If you'll your grammar study,
I'll give you silver clogs to wear,
Whene'er the gutter's muddy."

"No ! whilst I grammar learn," says puss,
"Your house will in a trice
Be overrun from top to bottom,
With flocks of rats and mice."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

"Come hither, then, good little boy,
And learn your alphabet,
And you a pair of boots and spurs,
Like your papa's, shall get."

“ O yes ! I ’ll learn my alphabet,
And when I well can read,
Perhaps papa will give me, too,
A pretty, long-tailed steed.”
With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.



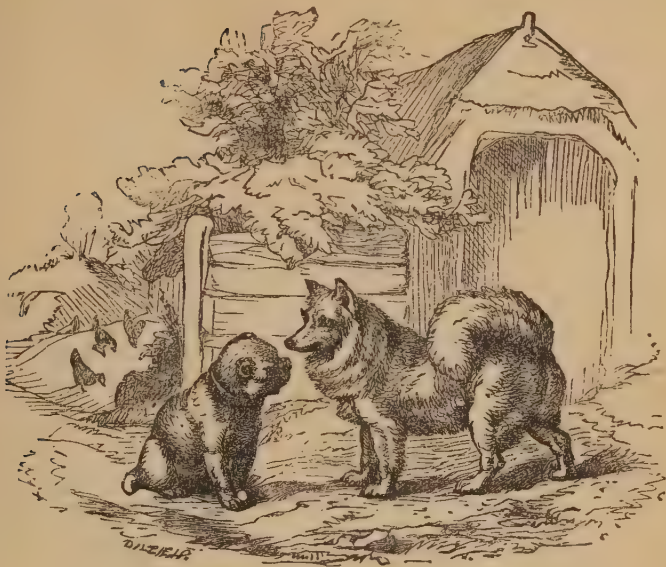
A B C.

A B C, you know,
The cats went running through the snow,
And when into the house they ’d gone,
They all had little white stockings on.

Mee-ow ! Why, how ?

Mee-ow !

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY.



PUG-DOG AND SPIITZ.

Pug. SPIITZ, dear Spitz, for a moment come here ;
 I'll ask you a secret, just lend me your ear,
 Where have you hidden that beautiful bone,
 That no wicked thief may make it his own ?

Spitz. No, no, friend Pug, you 'll not catch me so,
 The thief is the one who would want to know.

Young Pug, he went sniffing and snuffing around,
 Till just by the stable the big bone he found ;
 In his mouth already he grasped it tight,
 When he got his reward, — and it served him right.
 Master Spitz gave Pug such a tug by the ear,
 That the thief ran off yelping with pain and fear.

F. HEY.



TUMBLING DOGGIE.

THERE was a little boy, and he had a little dog,
And he taught that dog to beg ;
And that dear little dog all dinner-time
Would stand upon one leg.

One day, to his master's great surprise,
That little dog said, " Here goes ; "
And he cocked his hind legs up in the air,
And stood upon his nose.

NURSERY NONSENSE.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

FREDDIE saw some nice ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, "You pretty Cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"
"Thank you kindly," said a Cherry,
"We would rather stay 'up here!"
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig;
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"
"Catch me," said the Cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the Cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.
"Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's right;"
But a Blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."



THE KITTENS.

“ KITTENS, now I ’ll find names for you,
Each from the thing it best can do :
Velvet we ’ll call the one there asleep,
Slyboots the kit who so softly can creep,
Mouser the pussy who hunting doth seem,
Lickdish the one with its nose in the cream.”

They grew to be cats, each nice little kit.
Velvet all day on one’s lap would sit ;
In the corn-loft *Mouser* a-hunting would go ;
While *Slyboots* crept through the barn below ;
Lickdish went in the kitchen to dwell :
If he was a plague, ask cook, — she ’ll tell.

F. HEY.



THE CAT IN THE SNOW.

“Pussy, you lift your paws so high,
And look down on them so ruefully,
To your neck almost you sink in the snow.
It’s cold, is it not, down there to go?
Would not your walking be better done
If a pair of good stout boots you ’d on?”

She did n’t wear boots, our good little cat,
But she marched on bravely, in spite of that.
Through the snow she whisked at the barn-door in;
Where she shook and she licked her paws quite clean.
And she caught no cold, but sprang merrily
To the highest beam of the old roof-tree.

F. HEY.



TRUSTY LEARNING A, B, C.

“BE quiet, good Trusty ;
See how still you can be,
For I ’ve come to teach you
Your A, B, C.

“I will show you the way
Mother reads it to me ;
She looks very sober,
And says, A, B, C.

“Tom says you can’t learn ;
But father says he
Saw a little dog once
That knew A, B, C.

"So, good Trusty, attend ;
Let us show them that we
Can learn, if we please,
Our A, B, C."

To what little Frank said
Trusty seemed to agree ;
Do you think he learned much
Of his A, B, C ?

E. L. FOLLEN.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work, good-night, good-night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, good-night, good-night ! "

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the road ;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl, good-night, good-night ! "

She did not say to the sun, " Good-night ! "
Though she saw him there like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head ;
The violets courtesied, and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day ;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
“ Good-morning, good-morning ! our work is begun.”

LORD HOUGHTON.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star ;
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain.
Now I am stronger ;
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet :
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again ! "

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty creature, drink ! "
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.



No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with
pleasure shook.

“ Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

“ What ails thee, young one ? what ? Why pull so at thy
cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? Well both for bed and board ?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is 't that aileth thee ?

“Thou knowest that twice a day I have brought thee, in this
can,

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

“Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep — and at break of day I will come to thee again.”

WM. WORDSWORTH

THE OWL.

THE owl among the bushes sat,
And when it rained it spoiled his hat,
But when it dried, said he, “Oh, bosh!
It’s all the better for a wash, —
 Twitter hooo-oo !
 Twitter hooo-oo !
We’ll do as other people do.”

The owl stood on a mossy wall,
And there he began to hoot and call.
The moon arose ; he flapped his wing ;
Said he, “She comes to hear me sing,
 Twitter hooo-oo !
 Twitter hooo-oo !
We’ll do as other people do.”

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY.



In go-cart so tiny
 My sister I drew,
 And I've promised to draw her
 The wide world through.

We have not yet started, —
 I own it with sorrow, —
 Because our trip's always
 Put off till to-morrow.

KATE GREENAWAY.





THE FISHES.

MAMMA, I have been in the lane to see
The fishes go by in the water,
And I almost think I should like to be
A dumb little fish's daughter.

They seem to go by, like the birds in the air,
Without either running or walking ;
I think if I lived down among them there,
I should not care for laughing or talking.

I'm sure I should feel that my back was bright,
And know how my gold eye glistened ;
And when you came by I would leap with delight,
Then splash down, and think that you listened.

But still I'm afraid when you went home again,
I should want to get out of the water ;
So perhaps, after all, I had better remain
My own dear Mamma's little daughter.

MRS. MOTHERLY

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

THE ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song ;
" Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she ;
" Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

" Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose ;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee," etc.

" There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good-morning ! Oh, who are as happy as we ?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“ O lovely Pussy ! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are ! ”

Pussy said to the Owl, “ You elegant fowl !
How charmingly sweet you sing !
Oh, let us be married ; too long we have tarried ;
But what shall we do for a ring ? ”
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose, —
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“ Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring ? ” Said the Piggy, “ I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE.

“WILL you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail,
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on
my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle, — will you come and join
the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the
dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the
dance?

“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to
sea!”

But the snail replied, “Too far! too far!” and gave a look
askance, —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join
the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join
the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join
the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied,
“There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France;
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the
dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the
dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the
dance?”

LEWIS CARROLL.

PRINCE FINIKIN.

PRINCE FINIKIN and his mamma

Sat sipping their bohea;

“Good gracious!” said his Highness, “why,
What girl is this I see?

“Most certainly it cannot be

A native of our town;”

And he turned him round to his mamma,

Who set her teacup down.

But Dolly simply looked at them,

She did not speak a word;

“She has no voice!” said Finikin;

“It's really quite absurd.”

Then Finikin's mamma observed,

“Dear Prince, it seems to me,

She looks as if she'd like to drink

A cup of my bohea.”



So Finikin poured out her tea,
And gave her currant-pie ;
Then Finikin said, " Dear mamma,
What a kind Prince am I ! "

KATE GREENAWAY.

DAME DUCK'S LECTURE TO HER DUCKLINGS.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings small and callow ;
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.
There is a little quiet stream
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.
And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out,
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back ;
" That 's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
" Get off ! quack, quack, quack, quack !
'T is close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill ;
" Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,

“Now, children, look at me :

A well-bred duck should waddle so,

From side to side — d' ye see ?”

“Yes,” said the little ones ; and then

She went on to explain :

“A well-bred duck turns in its toes

As I do : — try again.”

“Yes,” said the ducklings, waddling on.

“That 's better,” said their mother ;

“But well-bred ducks walk in a row,

Straight — one behind another.”

“Yes,” said the little ducks again,

All waddling in a row.

“Now to the pond,” said old Dame Duck ;

Splash ! splash ! and in they go.

“Let me swim first,” said old Dame Duck,

“To this side, now to that ;

There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,

They make young ducklings fat.

Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,

The hen-wife, Molly Head,

Will feed you with the other fowls,

On bran and mashed-up bread.

“The hens will peck and fight ; but mind,

I hope that all of you

Will gobble up the food as fast

As well-bred ducks should do.

You 'd better get into the dish,

Unless it is too small ;

In that case, I should use my foot,

And overturn it all.”

The ducklings did as they were bid,
 And found the plan so good,
 That, from that day, the other fowls
 Got hardly any food.
 Thus old Dame Duck brought up her brood
 In such a genteel way,
 That every little waddler kept
 Improving every day.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES



A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF to hem —
 Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear !
 How many stitches it will take
 Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch, and then a stitch,
 And stitch and stitch away,
 Till stitch by stitch the hem is done ;
 And after work is play !

C. G. ROSSETTI.



MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW.

ON a little piece of wood
 Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood ;
 Mrs. Sparrow sat close by,
 A-making of an insect-pie
 For her little children five,
 In the nest and all alive ;
 Singing with a cheerful smile,
 To amuse them all the while,
 " Twikky wikky wikky wee,
 Wikky bikky twikky tee,
 Spikky bikky bee ! "

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
 " Spikky, darling ! in my head
 Many thoughts of trouble come,
 Like to flies upon a plum.
 All last night, among the trees,
 I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze ;
 And thought I, ' It's come to that
 Because he does not wear a hat ! '
 Chippy wippy sikky tee,
 Bikky wikky tikky mee,
 Spikky chippy wee !

" Not that you are growing old ;
 But the nights are growing cold.
 No one stays out all night long
 Without a hat ; I 'm sure it 's wrong ! "
 Mr. Spikky said, " How kind,
 Dear, you are, to speak your mind !
 All your life I wish you luck !
 You are, you are, a lovely duck !
 Witchy witchy witchy wee,
 Twitchy witchy witchy bee,
 Tikky tikky tee !

" I was also sad, and thinking,
 When one day I saw you winking,
 And I heard you sniffle-snuffle,
 And I saw your feathers ruffle,
 To myself I sadly said,
 ' She 's neuralgia in her head !
 That dear head has nothing on it !
 Ought she not to wear a bonnet ? '
 Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,
 Spikky wikky wikky bee,
 Chippy wippy chee !

" Let us both fly up to town ;
 There I 'll buy you such a gown !
 Which, completely in the fashion,
 You shall tie a sky-blue sash on ;
 And a pair of slippers neat
 To fit your darling little feet,
 So that you will look and feel
 Quite galloobious and genteel.
 Jikky wikky bikky see,
 Chicky bikky wikky bee,
 Twicky witchy wee ! "

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument ;
Whence they flew down swiftly — pop !
Into Moses' wholesale shop ;
There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.

Zikky wikky mikky bee,
Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
Sikky tikky wee !

Then, when so completely dressed,
Back they flew, and reached their nest,
Their children cried, " O ma and pa !
How truly beautiful you are ! "
Said they, " We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again ;
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.

Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twikky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee ! "

EDWARD LEAR.



THE RHYMED VERSION
OF
THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RID HIN.

THERE was once 't upon a time
A little small rid hin,
Off in the good ould country
Where yees ha' nivir bin.

Nice and quiet, shure, she was,
And nivir did no harrum ;
She lived alane all be herself,
And worked upon her farrum.

There lived out o'er the hill,
In a great din o' rocks,
A crafty, shly, and wicked
Ould felly iv a fox.

This rashkill iv a fox,
He tuk it in his head
He 'd have the little small rid hin :
So, whin he wint to bed,

He laid awake and thaught,
What a foine thing 't wad be
To fetch her home and bile her up
For his ould marm and he.

And so he thaught and thaught,
Until he grew so thin
That there was nothin' left of him
But jist his bones and shkin.

But the small rid hin was wise,
She always locked her door,
And in her pocket pit the kay,
To kape the fox out, shure.

But at last there came a schame
Intil his wicked head,
And so he tuk a great big bag,
And to his mither said, —

“Now have the pot all bilin’
Agin the time I come ;
We ’ll ate the small rid hin to-night,
For shure I ’ll bring her home.”

And so away he wint
Wid the bag upon his back,
An’ up the hill and through the woods
Safly he made his track.

An’ thin he came alang,
Craping as shtill ’s a mouse,
To where the little small rid hin
Lived in her shnug ould house.

An’ out she comes hersel’,
Jist as he got in sight,
To pick up shticks to make her fire :
“Aha !” says fox, “all right !

“Begorra, now, I ’ll have yees
Without much throuble more ;”
An’ in he shlips quite unbeknownst,
An’ ’ides be’ind the door.

An' thin a minute afther,
In comes the small rid hin,
An' shuts the door, and locks it too ;
An' thinks, " I 'm safely in."

An' thin she tarns around
An' looks be'ind the door ;
There shtands the fox wid his big tail
Shpread out upon the floor.

Dear me ! she was so shcared
Wid such a wondrous sight,
She dropped her apron-full of shticks,
An' flew up in a fright,

An' lighted on the bame
Across on top the room,
" Aha ! " says she, " ye don't have me ,
Ye may as well go home."

" Aha ! " says fox, " we 'll see ;
I 'll bring yees down from that ; "
So out he marched upon the floor
Right under where she sat ;

An' thin he whirruled around,
An' round an' round an' round,
Fashter an' fashter an' fashter,
Afther his tail on the ground,

Until the small rid hin
She got so dizzy, shure,
Wid lookin' at the fox's tail,
She jist dropped on the floor.

An' fox he whipped her up,
An' pit her in his bag,
An' off he shtarted all alane,
Him and his little dag.

All day he tracked the wood
Up hill an' down agin ;
An' wid him, shmothrin' in the bag,
The little small rid hin.

Sorra a know she knowed
Awhere she was that day ;
Says she, " I 'm biled an' ate up, shure,
An' what 'll be to pay? "

Thin she betho't hersel',
An' tuk her schissors out,
An' shnipped a big hole in the bag,
So she could look about ;

An', 'fore ould fox could think,
She lept right out — she did,
An' thin picked up a great big shtone,
An' popped it in instid.

An' thin she rins off home,
Her outside door she locks ;
Thinks she, " You see you don't have me,
You crafty, shly ould fox. "

An' fox, he tugged away
Wid the great big hivvy shtone,
Thumpin' his shoulders very bad,
As he wint on alone.

An' whin he came in sight
O' his great din o' rocks,
Jist watchin' for him at the door
He shpied ould mither fox.

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?"
Says he to ould fox thin.
"Shure an' it is, me child," says she;
"Have ye the small rid hin?"

"Yes, jist here in me bag,
As shure as I shtand here;
Open the lid till I pit her in:
Open it — nivir fear."

So the rashkill cut the shtring,
An' hild the big bag over;
"Now when I shake her in," says he,
"Do ye pit on the cover."

"Yis, that I will;" an' thin
The shtone wint in wid a dash,
An' the pot o' bilin' wather
Came over them ker-splash,

An' shcalted 'em both to death,
So they could n't brathe no more;
An' the little small rid hin lived safe,
Jist where she lived before.

F. W. SWEETSER.

Versified from Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's prose.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap, —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little, old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! ”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT.

ON the top of the Crumpetty Tree,
The Quangle Wangle sat ;
But his face you could not see
On account of his Beaver Hat.

For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree :
“Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best of food for me. ’

But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay !”
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary ;
And they said, “ Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy ?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat ?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that !
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee ! ”

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg) ;
And all of them said, “ We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat, —
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that !
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee ! ”

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble, who has no toes,
And the small Olympian Bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose,
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat, —
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
“When all these creatures move,
What a wonderful noise there ’ll be !”
And at night, by the light of the Mulberry Moon,
They danced to the flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree ;
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR.

SAID the Table to the Chair,
“You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat,
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk ;
Pray, let us take the air,”
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
“Now, you *know* we are not able :

How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk ! ”
Said the Table, with a sigh,
“ It can do no harm to try.
I ’ve as many legs as you :
Why can’t we walk on two ? ”

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful, bumpy sound,
As they toddled round and round ;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
“ See ! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air ! ”

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day ;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
“ Oh, delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we’ve taken !
Let us dine on beans and bacon.”
So the Ducky, and the leetle
Brownny-Mousy, and the Beetle
Dined and danced upon their heads,
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR.



THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun !”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead, —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it *would* be grand !

“ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye
And shook his heavy head,
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They had n't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last
And more, and more, and more, —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
"No hurry !" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you 're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us !" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view ?

"It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice."
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf, —
I 've had to ask you twice !"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we 've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter 's spread too thick !"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said :
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You ’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?”
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They ’d eaten every one.



“ I like the Walrus best,” said Alice, “ because, you see, he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters.”

“ He ate more than the Carpenter, though,” said Tweedledee. “ You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter could n’t count how many he took : contrariwise.”

“ That was mean ! ” Alice said indignantly. “ Then I like the Carpenter best, — if he did n’t eat so many as the Walrus.”

“ But he ate as many as he could get,” said Tweedledum.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE COW.

THE friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart :
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day ;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE ROBIN TO HIS MATE.

SAID Robin to his pretty mate,
“ Bring here a little hay ;
Lay here a stick and there a straw,
And bring a little clay.

“ And we will build a little nest,
Wherein you soon shall lay
Your little eggs, so smooth, so blue ;
Come, let us work away.

“And you shall keep them very warm ;
And only think, my dear,
’T will not be long before we see
Four little robins here.

“They ’ll open wide their yellow mouths,
And we will feed them well ;
For we shall love the little dears,
Oh, more than I can tell !

“And while the sun is shining warm
Up in the summer sky,
I ’ll sit and sing to them and you,
Up in the branches high.

“And all night long, my love, you ’ll sit
Upon the pretty nest,
And keep the little robins warm
Beneath your downy breast.”

MRS. CARTER.

GOLDEN HAIR.

GOLDEN HAIR sat on her grandfather’s knee :
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as ’t was light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head :
“ What has my baby been doing,” he said,
“ Since she arose with the sun from her bed ? ”

“ Pitty much,” answered the sweet little one,
“ I cannot tell, so *much* things have I done, —
Played with my dolly, and feeded my bun.

“ Then I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones, by the side of the brook.

“ Then I comed home, and eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpa’s knee ;
I ’m *jes* as tired as tired can be.”

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandfather’s breast.
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest.

POSIES FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day ?
“ Let me fly,” says little birdie,
“ Mother, let me fly away.”
“ Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
 "Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby, too, shall fly away."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY LITTLE PONY.

Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Over hill and valley bounding,
With your clinking hoofs resounding :
Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top.

Whoa ! whoa ! whoa ! how like fun you go !
Stop, you nag, I tell you, tell you ;
If you don't, I 'll surely sell you.
Whoa ! whoa ! whoa ! how like fun you go.

Spare, spare, spare, sure enough we 're there ;
Very well, my little pony ;
Safe 's our jaunt, though rough and stony :
Spare, spare, spare ; sure enough, we 're there.

Here, here, here ; yes, my pony dear,
Now with hay and oats I 'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony dear, yes, my pony dear.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME

FOX AND GOOSE.

Fox. DAME GOOSE, the sun shines cheerfully ;
Won't you go out for a walk with me ?

Goose. Master Fox, I'd rather not go with you,
I was thinking the sun shone brightly too ;
But since that before my door you stay,
All the fine weather seems past and away.

'Twas not that the weather was bad, no, no, —
There was not a storm of rain, or of snow ;
But the old Goose would not go, — not she,
For she knew the Fox and his knavery.
Had she walked with him down the lane,
He'd hardly have brought her safe home again.

F. HEY

MY TREASURES.

THESE nuts, that I keep in the back of the nest
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle we made (and how clearly it sounds !)
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own,
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone !

The stone, with the white and the yellow and gray,
We discovered I cannot tell *how* far away ;
And I carried it back, although weary and cold,
For, though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all of my treasures the last is the king,
For there 's very few children possess such a thing ;
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE WEDDING.

THUS sang she :
One, two, three,
Bick-a-born a bee :
Bick-a-born, pepper-corn,
The miller's wife is all forlorn ;
She sits and cries from night to morn.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, beat the drum,
The mice have swept and cleaned the room,
The rats have carried the dust away ;
To-morrow must be our wedding-day ;
And under the roof a little man sits,
Who has almost laughed himself out of his wits.

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY.

FLYING FLOWERS.

" COME to the window, Mamma, and look out ;
Now what is that white thing, I pray ?
It looks like a flower, flying about,
And I see it there every day.

"See, there are two of them, now there are three.

Ah, there they go, over the wall ;

No, here they come back again, just by the tree,

I don't think they 're flowers at all !

"Now here is one blown just below, on the bough,

Ah, look, it is crawling up high !

It must be alive, Mamma, look at it now ! "

"Yes, dear ; it 's a white butterfly."

MRS. MOTHERLY.

LITTLE SORROW.

AMONG the thistles on the hill,

In tears sat Little Sorrow :

"I see a black cloud in the west,

'T will bring a storm to-morrow.

And when it storms, where shall I be,

And what will keep the rain from me ?

Woe 's me ! " said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft and sweet,

The sunshine bright," said Pleasure ;

"Here is my pipe, — if you will dance,

I 'll wake my merriest measure ;

Or, if you choose, we 'll sit beneath

The red rose-tree, and twine a wreath ;

Come, come with me ! " said Pleasure.

"Oh, I want neither dance nor flowers, —

They 're not for me," said Sorrow,

"When that black cloud is in the west,

And it will storm to-morrow !

And if it storm, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you, —
Go ! go ! ” said Little Sorrow.

But lo ! when came the morrow’s morn,
The clouds were all blown over ;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover ;
And Pleasure called, “ Come out and dance !
To-day you mourn no evil chance ;
The clouds have all blown over ! ”

“ And if they have, alas ! alas !
Poor comfort that ! ” said Sorrow ;
“ For if to-day we miss the storm,
’T will surely come to-morrow, —
And be the fiercer for delay !
I am too sore at heart to play ;
Woe ’s me ! ” said Little Sorrow.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE JUMBLIES.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did ;
In a sieve they went to sea :
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter’s morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, “ You ’ll all be drowned ! ”
They called aloud, “ Our sieve ain’t big,
But we don’t care a button ; we don’t care a fig ;
In a sieve we ’ll go to sea ! ”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
" Oh ! won't they soon be upset, you know ;
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long ;
And happen what may, it 's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did ;
The water it soon came in :
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat ;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar ;
And each of them said, " How wise we are !
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away ;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballoo ! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar !
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did, —
To a land all covered with trees ;
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees ;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back, —
In twenty years or more ;
And every one said, " How tall they 've grown !
For they 've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."

And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast ;
And every one said, " If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in á sieve.

EDWARD LEAR.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

THE chill November day was done,
The working world home faring ;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gaslights flaring ;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying, —
When, mingled with the sougning wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering on the corner, stood
A child of four, or over ;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover ;
Her dimpled face was stained with tears ;
Her round blue eyes ran over ;
She cherished in her wee cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while

She slipped in mine the other,

Half-scared, half-confidential, said,

“ Oh ! please, I want my mother.”

“ Tell me your street and number, pet.

Don't cry ; I 'll take you to it.”

Sobbing she answered, “ I forget !

The organ made me do it.

“ He came and played at Miller's step, —

The monkey took the money ;

I followed down the street because

That monkey was so funny.

I 've walked about a hundred hours

From one street to another ;

The monkey 's gone ; I 've spoiled my flowers, —

Oh ! please, I want my mother.”

“ But what 's your mother's name, and what

The street? Now think a minute.”

“ My mother's name is Mother Dear ;

The street — I can't begin it.”

“ But what is strange about the house,

Or new, — not like the others? ”

“ I guess you mean my trundle-bed, —

Mine and my little brother's.

“ Oh, dear ! I ought to be at home

To help him say his prayers, —

He 's such a baby he forgets ;

And we are both such players ;

And there 's a bar between to keep

From pitching on each other,

For Harry rolls when he 's asleep :

Oh, dear ! I want my mother.”

The sky grew stormy ; people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring.
“ You ’ll have to spend the night with me,”
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck :
“ What ribbon ’s this, my blossom ? ”
“ Why, don’t you know ? ” she, smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name !
My eyes astonished met it ;
“ For,” said the little one, “ you see
I might some time forget it,
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it ;
For mother says she ’s very sure
I should get lost without it.”

ELIZA S. TURNER.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

ONCE on a time a Cat and a Mouse were playing together in the kitchen of the farm-house at Spring Vale, when, quite by accident, the Cat bit off the Mouse's tail.

It was very strange that the Cat did not bite off the Mouse's head ; but this Mouse was a good Mouse and never stole any cheese, and so the Cat only bit off her tail. Mousey was very much vexed to see that her tail was gone ; so she said to Pussy, "Oh ! dear Pussy, do give me my tail again."

"No, that I will not," said Pussy, "till you get me some milk for my breakfast."

"Oh, Brindle will give me some," said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Brindle, and thus began :

"Please, Brindle, give me some milk ;
I want to give Pussy milk,
And Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some hay for my breakfast," said Brindle.

“ Oh! Bob Rose will give me some,” said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Bob Rose, and thus began :

“ Please, Mr. Rose, give me some hay ;
I will give Brindle hay ;
Brindle will give me some milk ;
I will give Pussy milk,
And Pussy will give me my own tail again.”

“ So I will, Mousey, if you will get me some bread
for my breakfast,” said Bob Rose.

“ Oh, Jack Hardy will give me some,” said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Jack Hardy, and thus began :

“ Please, Mr. Hardy, give me some bread ;
I want to give Bob Rose bread ;
Bob Rose will give me some hay ;
I will give Brindle hay ;
Brindle will give me some milk ;
I will give Pussy milk,
And Pussy will give me my own tail again.”

“ So I will, Mousey, if you get me some meat for
my breakfast,” said Jack Hardy.

“ Oh, Ned Lambkin will give me some,” said
Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Ned Lambkin, and thus began :

“ Please, Mr. Lambkin, give me some meat ;
I want to give Jack Hardy meat ;



Jack Hardy will give me some bread ;
I will give Bob Rose bread ;
Bob Rose will give me some hay ;
I will give Brindle hay ;
Brindle will give me some milk ;
I will give Pussy milk,
And Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you will eat up the crumbs that have fallen at my breakfast," said Ned Lambkin.

"Oh! that I will," said Mousey; and she soon cleared the floor of every crumb.

Then Ned Lambkin gave Mousey some meat,
And Mousey gave Jack Hardy the meat,
And Jack Hardy gave Mousey some bread,
And Mousey gave Bob Rose the bread,
And Bob Rose gave Mousey some hay,
And Mousey gave Brindle the hay,
And Brindle gave Mousey some milk,
And Mousey gave Pussy milk, —
And then Pussy gave Mousey her own tail again.

And she frisked, and jumped, and away she ran,
And cried out to Pussy, "Catch me if you can."

HENNY-PENNY.

ONE fine summer morning a Hen was picking up peas under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. And she thought she would go to the court and tell the king that the sky was falling; so she gaed, and she gaed, and she gaed till she met a Cock, and the Cock said, "Where are you going to-day, Henny-penny?"

And she said, "Oh, Cocky-locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king."

And Cocky-locky said, "I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky and Henny-penny gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Duck.

So the Duck said, "Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Ducky-daddles, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Ducky-daddles said, "I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Goose.

So the Goose said, "Where are you going to-day, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Goosie-poosie, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Goosie-poosie said, "I will go with you, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Turkey.

So the Turkey said, "Where are you going to-day, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Turkey-lurky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Turkey-lurky said, "I will go with you, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Fox.

So the Fox said, "Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said, "Oh, Fox-lox, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And the Fox said, "Come with me, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will show you the way to the king's house."

But they said, "Oh no, Fox-lox, we know the way, and we do not want your company."

So they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they reached the king's house. And he thanked them, and gave each of them a silver sixpence.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

ONCE upon a time an old woman was sweeping her little house, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence.

“What,” said she, “shall I do with this little sixpence? I think I will go to market, and buy a pig.” So the next day she went to market, and bought a nice little white pig. She tied a string to one of the pig’s legs, and began to drive him home.

But on the way they came to a stile, and the piggy would not go over the stile.

Just then a little dog came trotting up, and the old woman said to him,—

“Dog, dog, bite pig ;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

So the old woman held up her stick, and she said,—

“Stick, stick, beat dog ;
Dog won’t bite pig ;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

So the old woman gathered some bits of wood together to make a fire, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said, —

“ Fire, fire, burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile, ,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

So the old woman fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said, —

“ Water, water, quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”

But the water would not.

Then the old woman saw an ox coming ; so she said, —

“ Ox, ox, drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Pig won't go ;
I see by the moonlight,
It's long past midnight ;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago.”

But the ox would not.

So the old woman turned round, and saw a butcher,
and she said, —

“Butcher, butcher, kill ox ;

Ox won't drink water ;

Water won't quench fire ;

Fire won't burn stick ;

Stick won't beat dog ;

Dog won't bite pig ;

Pig won't go.

I see by the moonlight

It's long past midnight ;

Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago.”

But the butcher would not.

So the old woman took a rope out of her pocket,
and said, —

“Rope, rope, hang butcher ;

Butcher won't kill ox ;

Ox won't drink water ;

Water won't quench fire ;

Fire won't burn stick ;

Stick won't beat dog ;

Dog won't bite pig ;

Pig won't go.

I see by the moonlight

It's long past midnight ;

Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago.”

But the rope would not.

Just then a large brown mouse ran across the
meadow, and she said, —

“Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope ;
Rope won't hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight
It's long past midnight ;
Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago.”

“Yes,” said the mouse, “I will, if you will give me some cheese.”

So the old woman put her hand in her pocket, and found a nice piece of cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it, —

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.

And what time the old woman and the pig got home, you, nor I, nor nobody knows.

THE ROBIN'S YULE SONG.

THERE was once an old gray Pussy, and she went down by the water-side, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier; and Pussy says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning." And Pussy says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck." But wee Robin says, "No, no, gray Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee mousie; but you shall not worry me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting. And the gray, greedy Hawk says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning." And gray, greedy Hawk says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing." But wee Robin says, "No, no, gray, greedy Hawk, no, no! You pecked at the wee linnet; but you sha'n't peck me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. And the

sly Fox says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning." And the sly Fox says, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail." But wee Robin says, "No, no, sly Fox, no, no! You worried the wee lamb; but you sha'n't worry me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the King, and there he sat on a window-sill, and sang the King a bonny song. And the King says to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee Robin for singing us this bonny song?" And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife." So wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King and Queen and all the court danced at the wedding; and afterwards wee Robin flew away home to his own water-side, and hopped on a brier.

THE
STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a bowl for their porridge: a little, small, wee bowl for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bowl for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great, huge bowl for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in: a little, small, wee chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great, huge chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little, small, wee bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great, huge bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One morning, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-bowls, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouth by beginning too soon to eat it. And while



they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house. First, she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who

did nobody any harm, and never thought that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and sat and sat till she sat the bottom out of it.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear,

and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it, too.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-bowl, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears, seeing that some one had come into their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look around. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears went upstairs into their bed-chamber. Now, little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.



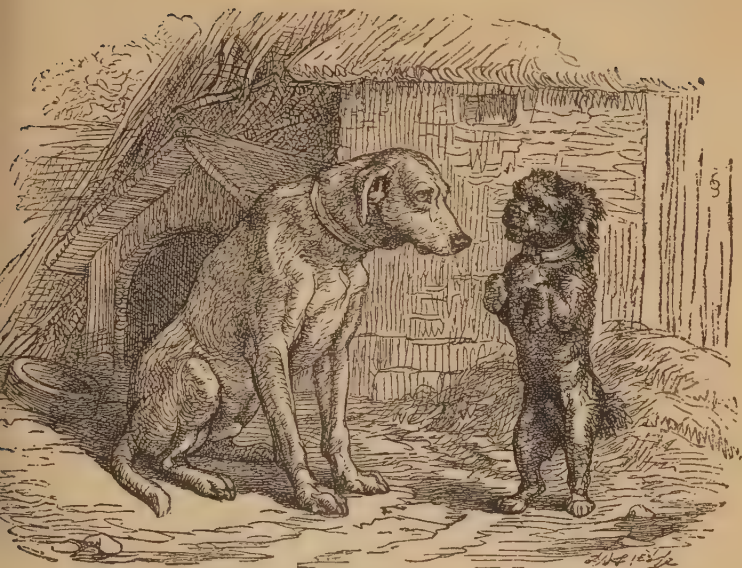
And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster, and upon the

pillow was little Silver-hair's head, — which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed, — and here she is!”

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And the middle voice of the Middle Bear was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it woke her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears at one side of her bed, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window after they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped, and away she ran into the wood; and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.



TWO DOGS.

The Little One.

WHAT can you do, sir, pray let me see?
 Can you walk on two legs, like me?
 Can you beg prettily, dance and spring,
 And to your master his slippers bring?

The Big One.

I can't do all that, but care I take
 That into the house no thief may break.

Both are good in their way, say I,
 If each does his office carefully.
 The little one passes the time away
 With his merry gambols, and tricks, and play;
 But if I should choose between the two,
 I'd have the big one; and would not you?

F. HEY.

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY—O.

DANCE to your Daddy - O,
My bonny Babby - O !
Dance for your Mammy - O,
My pet lamb !

She shall have a fishy - O
In a little dishy - O ;
She shall have a trout
When the boat comes in.

She shall have a trout - O,
That can skip about - O,
She shall have a trout
When the boat comes in.

ANONYMOUS.

POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We 'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They 've all gone away.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BABY GOES TO BOSTON.

WHAT does the train say?
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle !
What does the train say?
Jiggle joggle jee !
Will the little baby go
Riding with the locomø?
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee !

Ting ! ting ! the bells ring,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle !
Ting ! ting ! the bells ring,
Jiggle joggle jee !
Ring for joy because we go
Riding with the locomø,
Loky moky poky stoky
Smoky choky chee !

Look ! how the trees run,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle !
Each chasing t 'other one,
Jiggle joggle jee !
Are they running for to go
Riding with the locomø?
Loky moky poky stoky,
Smoky choky chee ?

Over the hills now,
Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle !
Down through the vale below,
Jiggle joggle jee !

All the cows and horses run,
 Crying, "Won't you take us on,
 Loky moky poky stoky
 Smoky choky chee?"

So, so, the miles go,
 Jiggle joggle, jiggle joggle !
 Now it's fast and now it's slow,
 Jiggle joggle jee !
 When we're at our journey's end,
 Say good-by to snorting friend,
 Loky moky poky stoky
 Smoky choky chee !

LAURA E. RICHARDS

SLEEPY HARRY.

"I DO not like to go to bed,"
 Sleepy little Harry said ;
 "Go, naughty Betty, go away,
 I will not come at all, I say !"

Oh, silly child ! what is he saying ?
 As if he could be always playing !
 Then, Betty, you must come and carry
 This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
 They go to roosting when they ought ;
 And all the ducks, and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR



THE OLD MAN AND THE COW.

THERE was an Old Man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?"

I will sit on this stile,
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

EDWARD LEAR.

POLLY PANSY.

PRETTY Polly Pansy
Has n't any hair —
Just a ruff of gold down
Fit for ducks to wear ;
Merry, twinkling, blue eyes,
Noselet underneath,
And a pair of plump lips
Innocent of teeth.

Either side each soft cheek

A jolly little ear,

Painted like a conch-shell :

Is n't she a dear ?

Twice five fingers,

Ten tiny toes ;

Polly's always counting,

So of course she knows.

If you take a tea-cup,

Polly wants to drink ;

If you write a letter,

What *delicious* ink !

Helps you read your paper,

News of half the town ;

Holds it just as you do,

Only upside-down !

Polly, when she's sleepy,

Means to rub her eyes —

Thumps her nose so blindly

Ten to one she cries !

Niddle-noddle numpkin,

Pretty lids shut fast,

Ring the bells and fire the guns,

Polly's off at last !

Pop her in her cradle,

Draw the curtains round ;

Fists are good for sucking —

Don't we know the sound ?

Oh, my Polly Pansy,

Can it, can it be

That we ugly old folks

Once resembled thee ?

TROT, TROT, TO TOWN.

EVERY evening Baby goes
Trot, trot, to town—
Across the river, through the fields,
Up hill and down.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Up hill and down,
To buy a feather for her hat,
To buy a woollen gown.

- Trot, trot, the Baby goes ;
The birds fly down, alack !
“ You cannot have our feathers, dear,”
They say ; “ so please trot back.”

Trot, trot, the Baby goes ;
The lambs come bleating near.
“ You cannot have our wool,” they say ;
“ But we are sorry, dear.”

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Trot, trot, to town.
She buys a red rose for her hat,
She buys a cotton gown.

MARY F. BUTTS



POLLY, PEG, AND POPPETY.

POLLY'S, Peg's, and Poppety's
Mamma was kind and good ;
She gave them each, one happy day,
A little scarf and hood.

A bonnet for each girl she bought,
To shield them from the sun ;
They wore them in the snow and rain,
And thought it mighty fun.

But sometimes there were naughty boys,
Who called to them at play,
And made this rude remark — " My eye,
Three Grannies out to-day ! "

KATE GREENAWAY.

BUTTERCUP FARM.

THE little Lambkin says "Ba, Ba!"
Which really means, "I want Mamma!"
The old Cow in the field says, "Moo,
Here's butter, cream, and milk for you."

The little Pigs cry, "Wee, wee, wee,
We're going to market presentlee!"
And ask a Horse if he likes hay,—
He means "Yes, please," when he says, "Neigh."

The Duck goes "Quack, quack," that's to say,
"What fine wet weather 't is to-day!"
When Neddy says, "He-haw" to you,
In Donkey talk it's "How do you do?"

"Cluck, cluck," says Mother Hen, in glee,
"I've laid an egg, please come and see."
The Cock sings, "Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Get up, there's lots of work to do."

"Bow-wow!" says Doggie, "Bow-wow-wow,
It's time to bring the sheep home now."
Each one has something to sing or say;
I must tell you the rest another day.

ANONYMOUS.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight ;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that 's the way the quarrel begun.

" I 'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
" *You'll* have that mouse? We 'll see about that ! "
" I *will* have that mouse," said the eldest son ;
" You *sha'n't* have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 't was a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight ;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go ;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

ANONYMOUS.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

AH! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be washed and be drest,
But would you not wish to be clean?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
This face is not fit to be seen.

If the water is cold, and the brush hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you 've said?
And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you, and dress you, and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss;
That 's right — take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
I thought you 'd be good after this.

ANN TAYLOR.



BABY ON HER TRAVELS.

How do you do, little Frankie Pankie?

Where are you going to-day?

Quite well, hearty, thankee, thankee,

I'm going away, away, to-day,
Over the hills and far away.

But what is the use of doggie, doggie?
Why does he wag his tail?
Oh! he's going to chase poor froggie, froggie,
And jump over ditch and rail:
That's why he wags his tail.

But what's to become of me, poor Polly?
What's to become of me?
Oh! you'll stay at home and take care of Dolly,
And boil the kettle for tea,
For baby and doggie and me.

Over the hills and far away,
Baby and Freddie set off one day.

UNO.

LITTLE BROWN BOBBY.

LITTLE Brown Bobby sat on the barn floor;
Little Brown Bossy looked in at the door.
Little Brown Bobby said, "Lackaday!
Who'll drive me this little Brown Bossy away?"
Little Brown Bobby said "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!"
Little Brown Bossy said, "Moo! Moo! Moo!"

This frightened them so that both of them cried,
And wished they were back at their mammy's side !

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

PUSSY, PUSSY, DO NOT MEW.

"Pussy, Pussy, do not mew !
I tell you it will never do."
"Why not?" says Pussy, "Olly cries,
And tears run down from Willie's eyes.
When the little children try
To keep from mewling, so will I."

"Piggy, Piggy, how I feel
To hear your cross and ugly squeal."
"Why not?" says Pig, "the children cry,
And they have more to eat than I.
They 're bigger too, and if I say
That I'll stop squealing, so must they."

"Moolly, Moolly, stop that roar ;
I never want to hear it more."
"Why not?" says Cow, "those little fellows,
One of them roars, and t' other bellows ;
Go, tell them that they must not cry,
For they make much more noise than I."

W. B. O. PEABODY.



THE OLD MAN AND THE BEE.

THERE was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee ;
 When they said, " Does it buzz ? "
 He replied, " Yes, it does !
It's a regular brute of a Bee ! "

EDWARD LEAR.

THE LAMB.

Now, Lamb, no longer naughty be,
Be good and homewards come with me,
Or else upon another day
You shall not with the daisies play.

Did we not bring you for a treat,
In the green grass to frisk your feet?
And when we must go home again,
You pull your ribbon and complain.

So, little Lamb, be good once more,
And give your naughty tempers o'er;
Then you again shall dine and sup
On daisy white and buttercup.

KATE GREENAWAY.

THE WORM.

No, little worm, you need not slip
Into your hole with such a skip,
Drawing the gravel as you slide
Over your smooth and slimy side.
I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I,
Peeping about your holes to spy,
And carry you with me in the air,
To give my young ones each a share.

No, and I'm not a rolling stone,
Creaking along with hollow groan;
Nor am I one of those, I'm sure,
Who care not what poor worms endure,
But trample on them as they lie,
Rather than take a step awry.

Oh, no, I only look about,
To see you wriggling in and out,
And drawing up your slimy rings,
Instead of feet like other things;
So, little worm, you need not slip
Into your hole with such a skip.

ANN TAYLOR.



CAW, CAW.

WHO'S that beggar-man? — Come and see ; —
Black is his coat as black can be ;
At each door you may see him stay,
Asking food on a winter's day.
“Caw, caw,” cries he, in a mournful tone ;
“Caw, caw, pray you give me a bone.”

But the sweet spring-time soon began,
And blithe and gay was the beggar-man ;
Gladly he spread his black wings out,
O'er house and barn to roam about ;
And, through the spring-time, in cheerful mood,
He croaked his thanks for the winter's food.

F. HEY.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right
With all your might.

ANONYMOUS.

BIRDIE.

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come !
Come and take this little crumb ;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be ;
Yes, my birdie — yes, I will
Be so quiet and so still.

Oh ! so still you shall not hear me ;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me ;
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long,

How you pass the rainy days —
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie? tell —
Did you learn to read and spell?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty —
Far up in the clear blue sky,
Very far and very high?

Or in pleasant summer hours,
Do you play with pretty flowers?
Birdie! is this all you do?
Then I wish that I were you!

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

ALL THE CATS.

WHAT did she see — oh, what did she see,
As she stood leaning against the tree?
Why, all the cats had come to tea.

What a fine turn out — from round about,
All the houses had let them out,
And here they were with scamper and shout.

“Mew-mew-mew!” was all they could say,
And, “We hope we find you well to-day.”

Oh, what should she do — oh, what should she do?
What a lot of milk they would get through;
For here they were with “Mew-mew-mew!”

She didn't know — oh, she didn't know,
If bread and butter they'd like or no;
They might want little mice, oh! oh! oh!

Dear me — oh, dear me!
All the cats had come to tea.

KATE GREENAWAY.



A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

“MAMMA, let’s go and see the lambs ;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

“Ah, there they are ! you pretty things,
Now don’t you run away ;
I’ve come on purpose with Mamma,
To see you this fine day.

“What pretty little heads you’ve got,
And such good-natured eyes ;
And ruff of wool all round your necks,
How nicely curled it lies !

"Come here, my pretty lambkin, come,
And lick my hand — now do !
How silly to be so afraid —
Indeed, I won't hurt you.

"Just put your hand upon its back,
Mamma — how nice and warm !
There, pretty lamb, you see. I don't
Intend to do you harm.

ANONYMOUS.

LEARNING TO DRAW.

"COME, here are a slate, and a pencil, and string,
So let us sit down and draw some pretty thing,
A man, and a cow, and a horse, and a tree,
And when you have finished, pray show them to me.

"What ! cannot you do it? Shall I show you how?
Come, give me your pencil, I'll draw you a cow.
You've made the poor creature look very forlorn !
She has but three legs, dear, and only *one* horn.

"Now see, I have drawn you a beautiful cow ;
And here is a dicky-bird, perched on a bough,
And here are some more flying down from above :
There now, is not that very pretty, my love? "

"Oh yes, very pretty ! now make me some more,
A house with a gate, and a window, and door,
And a little boy flying his kite with a string,
For you know, dear Mamma, you can draw anything."

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

ON THE BRIDGE.

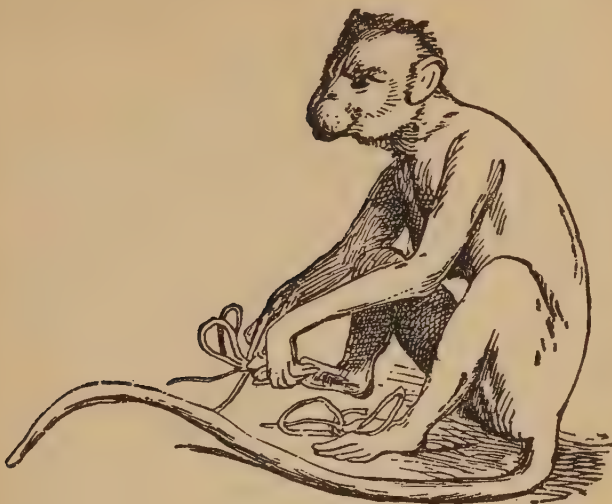
IF I could see a little fish —
That is what I just now wish ;
I want to see his great round eyes
Always open in surprise.

I wish a water-rat would glide
Slowly to the other side ;
Or a dancing spider sit
On the yellow flags a bit.

I think I'll get some stones to throw,
And watch the pretty circles show ;
Or shall we sail a flower-boat,
And watch it slowly — slowly float ?

That's nice — because you never know
How far away it means to go ;
And when to-morrow comes, you see,
It may be in the great wide sea.

KATE GREENAWAY.



NONSENSE ALPHABET.

A.

A was an ape,
Who stole some white tape.
And tied up his toes
In four beautiful bows.

a.

Funny old ape !

B.

B was a bat,
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.

b.

Brown little bat !

C.

C was a camel :
You rode on his hump ;
And if you fell off,
You came such a bump !

c.

What a high camel !

D.

D was a dove
Who lived in a wood,
With such pretty soft wings,
And so gentle and good !

d.

Dear little dove !

E.

E was an eagle
Who sat on the rocks,
And looked down on the fields,
And the far-away flocks.

e.

Beautiful eagle !

F.

F was a fan
Made of beautiful stuff ;
And when it was used,
It went puffy-puff-puff !

f.

Nice little fan !

G.

G was a gooseberry,
Perfectly red ;
To be made into jam,
And eaten with bread.

g.

Gooseberry red !

H.

H was a heron,
Who stood in a stream ;
The length of his neck
And his legs was extreme.

h.

Long-legged heron !

I.

I was an inkstand,
Which stood on a table,
With a nice pen to write with
When we are able.

i.

Neat little inkstand !

J.

J was a jug,
So pretty and white,
With fresh water in it
At morning and night.

j.

Nice little jug !



K.

K was a kingfisher :
Quickly he flew,
So bright and so pretty! —
Green, purple, and blue.

k.

Kingfisher blue !

L.

L was a lily,
So white and so sweet !
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.

l.

Beautiful lily !



M.

M was a man
Who walked round and round ;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground

m.

Funny old man !

N.

N was a nut
So smooth and so brown'
And when it was ripe,
It fell tumble-dum-down.

n.

Nice little nut !

O.

O was an oyster,
Who lived in his shell :
If you let him alone,
He felt perfectly well.

o.

Open-mouthed oyster !

P.

P was a polly,
All red, blue, and green, —
The most beautiful polly
That ever was seen.

p.

Poor little polly !

Q.

Q was a quill
Made into a pen ;
But I do not know where
And I cannot say when.

q.

Nice little quill !

R.

R was a rattlesnake,
Rolled up so tight,
Those who saw him ran quickly
For fear he should bite.

r.

Rattlesnake bite !

S.

S was a screw
To screw down a box ;
And then it was fastened
Without any locks.

s.

Valuable screw !

T.

T was a thimble,
Of silver so bright !
When placed on the finger,
It fitted so tight !

t.

Nice little thimble !

U.

U was an upper-coat,
Woolly and warm,
To wear over all
In the snow or the storm.

u.

What a nice upper-coat !

V.

V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.

v.

Pretty green veil !

W.

W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.

w.

Beautiful watch !



X.

X was King Xerxes,
Who wore on his head
A mighty large turban,
Green, yellow, and red.

x.

Look at King Xerxes !

Y.

Y was a yak
From the land of Thibet:
Except his white tail,
He was all black as jet.

y.

Look at the yak !

Z.

Z was a zebra,
All striped white and black ;
And if he were tame,
You might ride on his back.

z.

Pretty striped zebra !

EDWARD LEAR.

THE LITTLE ANTS.

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
So he begged of a neighbor he happened to meet,
To help it down into his hole.

“ I ’ve got my own work to see after,” said he ;
“ You must shift for yourself, if you please ; ”
So he crawled off, as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And, seeing his neighbor in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load,
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear,
Endeavor to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant every bit.

And the good-natured ant, who assisted his brother,
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.



THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee ;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she ;
 She wakes up with a purr
 When I stroke her soft fur :
Was there ever another white kitten like her ?

My little white kitten now wants to go out
And frolic with no one to watch her about ;
 " Little kitten," I say,
 " Just an hour you may stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

But night has come down when I hear a loud "mew";
I open the door and my kitten comes through;

My white kitten! ah me!

Can it really be she, —

This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that I see?

What ugly gray streaks on her side and her back!

Her nose, once as pink as a rose-bud, is black!

O, I very well know,

Though she does not say so,

She has been where white kittens ought never to go.

If little good children intend to do right,

If little white kittens would keep themselves white,

It is needful that they

Should this counsel obey,

And be careful in choosing their places to play.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY.

THERE, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap;

I've put on your nightgown and neat little cap;

So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,

Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,

And then make believe that my lap is your bed;

So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry;

Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,

And I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup;

So wake, little baby, and open your eye,

For I think it's high time to have done with bye bye.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.



THE MOPPSIKON FLOPPSIKON BEAR.

THERE was an Old Person of Ware,
Who rode on the back of a Bear :
When they said, " Does it trot ? "
He said, " Certainly not !
He 's a Moppsikon, Floppsikon Bear ! "

EDWARD LEAR.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

" To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? "

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo !
Such a thing I 'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away.
"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo !
Such a thing I 'd never do."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day ?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow !
I would n't be so mean, anyhow !
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow !
I 'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?"

"Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day ?"

"Coo-coo ! Coo-coo ! Coo-coo !
Let me speak a word too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ? "

"Not I," said the sheep ; " Oh, no !
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
"Baa ! Baa ! " said the sheep, " Oh, no !
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? "

"Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day ? "

"Coo-coo ! Coo-coo ! Coo-coo !
Let me speak a word, too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast ? "

"Caw ! Caw ! " cried the crow ;
" I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day ? "

"Cluck ! Cluck ! " said the hen,
" Don't ask me again ;

Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He did n't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD



KIT'S CRADLE.

THEY 'VE taken the cosy bed away
That I made myself with the Shetland shawl,
And set me a hamper of scratchy hay,
By that great black stove in the entrance-hall.

I won't sleep there ; I 'm resolved on that !
They may think I will, but they little know
There 's a soft persistence about a cat
That even a little kitten can show.

I wish I knew what to do but pout,
And spit at the dogs and refuse my tea ;
My fur 's feeling rough, and I rather doubt
Whether stolen sausage agrees with me.

On the drawing-room sofa they 've closed the door,
They 've turned me out of the easy-chairs ;
I wonder it never struck me before
That they make their beds for themselves up-stairs.

I've found a crib where they won't find me,
Though they're crying "Kitty!" all over the house.
Hunt for the Slipper! and riddle-my-ree!
A cat can keep as still as a mouse.

It's rather unwise perhaps to purr,
But they'll never think of the wardrobe-shelves.
I'm happy in every hair of my fur;
They may keep the hamper and hay themselves.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

GOOD DOBBIN.

OH! thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a long track,
And have carried Papa all the way on your back;
You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin, indeed,
For you've brought Papa home to his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain beat,
And the thick mud has covered his legs and his feet,
But yet on he galloped in spite of the rain,
And has brought Papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
And Papa could not see the road where he should go,
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,
And has brought Papa home to his dear little child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw :
Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,
For you 've brought Papa home to his darling again.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR

THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER.

'T is the voice of the lobster ; I heard him declare
" You have baked me too brown : I must sugar my hair."
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And talks with the utmost contempt of the shark ;
But when the tide rises, and sharks are around,
His words have a timid and tremulous sound.

I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie :
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
And the Owl had the dish for his share of the treat.
When the plate was divided, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon ;
But the Panther obtained both the fork and the knife,
So, when *he* lost his temper, the Owl lost its life.

LEWIS CARROLL



THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY WHOSE NOSE.

THERE was a Young Lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes ;
So she hired an Old Lady
Whose conduct was steady,
To carry that wonderful nose.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE LITTLE DISASTER.

ONCE there lived a little man,
Where a little river ran,
And he had a little farm and little dairy O !
And he had a little plough,
And a little dappled cow,
Which he often called his pretty little Fairy O !

And his dog he called Fidelle,
For he loved his master well ;
And he had a little pony for his pleasure O !
In a sty not very big
He 'd a frisky little pig,
Which he often called his little piggy treasure O !

Once his little maiden, Ann,
With her pretty little can,
Went a-milking when the morning sun was beaming O !
When she fell, I don't know how,
But she tumbled o'er the plough,
And the cow was quite astonished at her screaming O !

Little maid cried out in vain,
While the milk ran o'er the plain,
Little pig ran grunting after it so gaily O !
While the little dog behind
For a share was much inclined,
So he pulled back squealing piggy by the taily O !

Such a clatter now began
As alarmed the little man,
Who came capering from out his little stable O !
Pony trod on doggy's toes,
Doggy snapped at piggy's nose,
Piggy made as great a noise as he was able O !

Then, to make the story short,
Little pony with a snort
Lifted up his little heels so very clever O !

And the man he tumbled down,
And he nearly cracked his crown,
And this only made the matter worse than ever O !

ANONYMOUS.

CHERRIES.

UNDER the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head :
"Cherries are ripe ! but then, you know,
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and cocking his saucy head,
"Cherries are ripe ! and so to-day
We'll gather them while you make the hay ;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said : "Here's a trick !
These roguish robins have had their pick."

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.



O RING THE BELLS.

O RING the bells ! O ring the bells !
 We bid you, sirs, good morning ;
 Give thanks, we pray, — our flowers are gay,
 And fair for your adorning.

O ring the bells ! O ring the bells !
 Good sirs, accept our greeting ;
 Where we have been, the woods are green,
 So, hey ! for our next meeting.

Then ring the bells ! then ring the bells !
 For this fair time of Maying ;
 Our blooms we bring, and while we sing,
 O ! hark to what we 're saying.

O ring the bells ! O ring the bells !
 We 'll sing a song with any ;
 And may each year bring *you* good cheer,
 And each of *us* a penny.

KATE GREENAWAY.

THE CATS' TEA-PARTY.

FIVE little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried, "Mother, let us go — Oh, do ! for good we'll surely
be.

We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown
us how —

Spoons in right paws, cups in left — and make a pretty bow ;
We'll always say, ' Yes, if you please,' and ' Only half of
that.' "

" Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The five little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swing-
ing free,

They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be
polite ;

With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas, for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk !

The moment that the little kits were asked to take some
milk,

They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and — oh, what
do you think ?

They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink !

Yes, every naughty little kit set up a miou for more,

Then knocked the tea-cups over, and scampered through
the door.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

MRS. SNIPKIN AND MRS. WOBBLECHIN.

SKINNY Mrs. Snipkin,
With her little pipkin,
Sat by the fireside a-warming of her toes ;
Fat Mrs. Wobblechin,
With her little doublechin,
Sat by the window a-cooling of her nose.

Says this one to that one,
"Oh! you silly fat one,
Will you shut the window down? You're freezing me to
death!"
Says that one to t'other one,
"Good gracious, how you bother one!
There is n't air enough for me to draw my precious breath!"

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin
Took her little pipkin,
Threw it straight across the room as hard as she could throw ;
Hit Mrs. Wobblechin,
On her little doublechin,
And out of the window a-tumble she did go.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator,
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we should n't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps, "There's land I see!

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

SLEEPYLAND.

BABY'S been in Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills.
Baby's been in Sleepyland
All the rainy morning.
From the cradle where she lay,
Up she jumped and flew away,
For Sleepyland is bright and gay
Every rainy morning.

What did you see in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, Baby prettiest?
What did you see in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning?
Saw the sun that shone so twinkily,
Saw the grass that waved so crinkily,
Saw the brook that flowed so tinkily,
All the lovely morning.

What did you hear in Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills?
What did you hear in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning?
Heard the winds that wooed so wooingly,
Heard the doves that cooed so cooingly,
Heard the cows that mooed so mooingly,
All the lovely morning.

What did you do in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, Baby prettiest?
What did you do in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning?

Sang a song with a blue canary,
Danced a dance with a golden fairy,
Rode about on a cinnamon beary,
All the lovely morning.

Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills ;
Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Every rainy morning.
But to Sleepyland, as I've been told,
No one may go after three years old,
So poor old Mammy stays out in the cold,
Every rainy morning.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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